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By the Aid of the Incubator

By Mary Gilbert

Esra Townley was forty years old and a bachelor. Few men arrive at this state unless the door to their hearts has been closed by a woman's hand, and Esra was no exception to the rule. While still an awkward schoolboy he had centered his affections on pretty Abbie Cummings, and the scorn in her eyes had never shaken his loyalty.

She was still Miss Abbie, an alert, self-reliant little woman, serenely conscious of the fact that the village applauded her wisdom in refusing to mate with so shiftless a man as Esra. Perhaps there were moments when womanliness conquered wisdom—when she yearned for the lonely man. But her dark eyes told no tales and Esra, naturally diffident, had never dared come to the point of proposal.

They had lived across the street from each other all their lives, but were still only good neighbors, with no apparent prospect of changing their relationship.

Esra's cottage stood in the center of an acre of ground, the greater part of which was devoted to his garden. There were hives of bees standing under the old apple trees, while behind them was a small poultry yard.

Every spring Esra laid plans for hatching a large flock of chickens, but he had never succeeded in raising more than nine. His interest in poultry was unabated, and he availed himself of the first spring auction to become the possessor of an incubator.

It was rather loose as to doors and wobbly as to legs, and the heating apparatus was hardly in a state to court investigation. But Esra's expectations of success were as sure to bloom as were the hardy perennials in Miss Abbie's garden. He saw in the much-the-vorser-for-wear incubator a sure road to the realization of his hopes.

Having carefully read the tattered book of directions, he set up the machine in his barn. Then taking a basket, he went down the street to the village store. When Miss Abbie entered the store a few moments later, she found every one laughing heartily.

"There will be great things in your neighborhood in about three weeks," said the young clerk who had stepped up to wait upon her. "I suppose you know that Esra Townley has an incubator?"

"Incubator?" she asked. "What is that?"

"It's a machine for hatching eggs," he explained. "Esra has one, and he's going to start the machine tonight, and has stocked up with cold storage eggs. I told him that we would all be up to see how the machine turned out. Maybe we won't have some fun with him then?"

Miss Abbie went home with her head in a whirl. Why should people pick on Esra as the butt of such a joke? What should she do about it? Tell Esra of his mistake? No, he should never learn from her that he had been an object of ridicule.

Suddenly her face lighted up with a smile, showing that the right idea had come. Never had she been more cheerful and serene than during the next three weeks. At times her eyes would twinkle as at some secret joke, and more than one village gossip wondered what good fortune had befallen Miss Abbie.

Esra was not an early riser, but on the day that the incubator hatch was due he awoke just before dawn. It seemed to him that he heard the barn door creak. Dressing himself quickly, he went out to investigate. Everything was in perfect order, with no sign of any disturbance.

But hark! What was that sound? A faint peep from one of the eggs in the incubator? Were they already beginning to hatch?

Never had he so many callers as walked up the path that day. One and all they turned away, baffled, bewildered and sure of only one thing—that the joke was not on Esra.

"There were 28 chicks out the last time that I counted," their host explained jubilantly, "and of course they just keep a-coming. I tell you it was a great streak of luck for me when I got that hatching machine!"

When the hatch was over and the chickens consigned to the care of a home-made brooder, Esra cleaned out the incubator and brushed up the broken egg shells. Among them he noticed a bit of gleaming black, and stopped to pick it up.

It proved to be a tiny seal, that made his eyes open wide in astonishment. Surely there could be no mistake. It was the setting to a ring that Miss Abbie had worn for many years, and would have been instantly recognized by any of her village friends.

How came the seal out of the ring? Above all, how came it to be lying there, among the egg shells in the incubator? Miss Abbie had not been among his visitors—that he was very sure. Wondering would neither solve the mystery nor restore the ring to its owner, so a few moments later he was knocking at her door.

Miss Abbie welcomed him cordially, and ushering him into her cozy sitting room, made a cheery comment on the weather.

"It is a fine day," Esra admitted, "but that is not what brought me here. I have just found something that I mistrust belongs to you and no one else."

He extended the seal, and Miss Abbie took it at once, gazing at him with startled eyes. For perhaps the first time in all her life, she felt ill at ease in his presence.

"Why, where did you find it, Esra?" she gasped.

"That is the queer thing about it, Abbie. It was in my incubator, and I should like to know how it managed to get there."

"I never wanted you to know anything about it," she faltered.

"About what?"

"Why, the incubator. The boys knew that those store eggs wouldn't hatch, and they were coming up to laugh at you."

"But they did hatch!" protested the bewildered Esra. "I have 45 chickens in my brooder this minute."

"You have the chickens?" Miss Abbie admitted. "But they didn't come from those eggs?"

"Not from those eggs!" Esra echoed blankly. "Then where on earth did they come from?"

Miss Abbie's confusion was increasing every moment. It was decidedly becoming, brightening her dark eyes and bringing an almost girlish flush to her cheeks.

"I set four of my hens the night that you set the incubator, and came over early in the morning and changed the eggs."

"That morning?"

"Day before yesterday—when they were just ready to hatch."

"Whatever made you do it, Abbie?" Esra's tone was gentle as well as wondering.

"I didn't want you to be disappointed," she faltered, "or have them all laughing at you."

"There was silence for a moment, then Esra spoke again."

"I didn't suppose you'd care, Abbie. If I had ever dared to think so—"

For once in her life Miss Abbie was speechless. But any one seeing her face at that moment would have known that her days of wisdom were at an end.

GOOD CIGAR WAS WASTED

Man Was Sure He Would Have a Berth Until Told the Train Was a Freight.

"Do you know what time the next train will pass through here going north?" asked a man who had been compelled to stay over night in a small town in Arkansas.

"There will be one in about twenty minutes," replied the ticket agent.

"Bully! Do you ever smoke?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Here's a cigar that I bought in Dallas. You can't get anything like it in this town. I think you'll enjoy it. They charge 17 cents apiece by the thousand for that brand."

"Thanks. I'm afraid it may spoil my taste, but I'll take a chance on it, just the same."

"Say, can you fix me out with a lower berth for St. Louis?"

"I can telegraph to have one reserved for you on the train that passes through here at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"No, no; I want to go on the train that's coming now. Can't you fix me out on that one?"

"Nope. I'm very sorry I can't do it."

"O, come on! you can arrange it some way."

"No, it's impossible."

"Well, I'll have to fix it with the conductor, then, I suppose."

"You won't be able to get a berth from him."

"I won't eh! You watch me. There's a sleeper on the train, isn't there?"

"No."

"What! No sleeper? What kind of trains do you run on this line, anyhow?"

"Well, this one that's coming is a freight train."

"Uncle Tom" in England.

I see it stated that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was "a wild success from the moment of its first issue in England."

This is altogether inaccurate. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was declined by a well known London publisher, but another firm brought out an edition of 2,500 copies at half a crown. This proved a failure, so the price was reduced to one shilling and then the book sold rapidly. In a few weeks every one was reading it. The firm which had made a good thing out of this speculation were anxious to secure Mrs. Stowe's next work, so they gave her £500 for the early sheets of the key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which an edition of 50,000 copies was printed, but the book proved a disastrous failure. Mrs. Stowe's second title was "Life Among the Lowly," but this was changed in England to "Negro Life in the Slave States of America."—London Truth.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY

(Illinois Dwelling Which Has Had No Occupants.

Building Was Erected Fifteen Years Ago, But, With Its Elaborate Furnishings, Remains Unused to This Day.

CHRISMAN, Ill.—The years glide by, the population changes, but the "mystery house" of Chrisman remains unsolved. For fifteen years the residents of this city have sought to penetrate the atmosphere of uncertainty that always surrounds the premises, but all in vain. The curtains are always down, no one appears to take any interest in the future occupation and the identity of the builder or owner remains a secret to this day. There may be material here for a Sherlock Holmes or perhaps a Dickens, and some day, when the story becomes public, there may be abundant food for the gossip.

For the present, those who know, keep their counsel and whether they will ever satisfy the inquisitive public, or not, is a matter for speculation.

It was fifteen years ago that the "mystery house" sprang into being at Chrisman. One spring morning, excavators and bricklayers appeared upon the scene and prepared a cellar and foundation walls for a house. Carpenters followed and later came decorators and furnishers. Every workman was pledged to secrecy and would give the curious villagers no hint of the owner. Crowds would stand around as the mechanics wielded their hammers and saws and fashioned the

structure into shape, hoping that some clue could be secured concerning the builder. Eagerly they awaited the completion of the structure, being confident that some one would take up their residence there and thus put an end to the speculation. It was the general belief that the builder planned the home for a bride and that a wedding would follow the completion of the structure.

With the departure of the carpenters and decorators, came the furnishers. Expense was not spared to fit up the home in palatial style. The rugs were Oriental, the curtains imported, the china of the highest grade and everything was sumptuous and artistic. Neither money nor time was spared to secure handsome and comfortable results. From parlor to kitchen, from garret to cellar, the house was completed in every detail. The whole was enough to make a woman gasp with delight and admiration. There was nothing lacking but occupants. Strange to relate, they never came.

With the completion of the beautifully furnished home, the shades were dropped, the keys were turned in the lock and the house commenced its long career of idleness. As the years went by, the lawn was trimmed, the shade trees given attention, the exterior and interior painted as made necessary, and everything kept in shape as if the occupants might arrive any day.

Four years ago some miscreant made an attempt to destroy the house by fire and heavy loss was inflicted. The mechanics came promptly and rebuilt the damaged section and replaced everything. Within a few weeks, all marks of the fire was erased.

To add to the mystery, a number of attempts have been made to purchase the house and some have sought to rent it, but all without avail. Set amidst the dark green foliage of the surrounding trees, the wide windows seem to stare back enigmatically at the people as they pass by and gaze curiously at the curtained windows shading this inanimate thing of mystery which baffles solution.

346-Pound Woman Fasts.

Kirksville, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Powell of this city has completed a 30-day fast by which she has reduced her weight from 346 pounds to 300. She will begin another fast soon in an effort to further reduce her weight. She hopes ultimately, without impairing her health to reduce to 200 pounds.

Fat—A Body Requisite.

The popular view of the close connection between fat and good nature and weight and balance is not wholly without rational foundation. Fat, unpleasant and stodgy as it is, is one of the most valuable tissues in the human body, and any man who reduces his share of it below a certain reasonable level, not only takes the smooth edge off his temper and balance of his powers of judgment, but exposes all of his higher faculties, notably the muscular, nervous and secretory, to danger of both starvation and disease. A moderate cushion of fat is one of the best buffers and bucklers against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," whether in the form of disease or in strains upon endurance. The man who makes himself into a lean and hungry Cassius, even with the best of intentions, is very apt to get himself into a state of both mind and body where he is more fit for treason, stratagem and spoils than for comfort, wholesomeness and a happy life.—Outing.

Thicker Than Water.

Rather significant was the celebration of the Fourth of July in Honolulu, with two British cruisers to participate in the exercises and with British officers in attendance upon an official public reception of independence day.

This is strongly indicative of the brotherly feeling existing between the two countries of the oft-quoted sentiment that "blood is thicker than water," and of the kinship of the English-speaking people.

The mingling of the British army and navy officials with the Americans in celebration of the anniversary of this country's independence is suggestive of the old soldiers' reunions in which veterans of the Union and Confederate armies fraternize and march together in procession and are brothers under the skies who have forgotten any past differences that estranged them for a time.—San Antonio Express.

Strauss Has New Orchestral.

Richard Strauss is writing a new orchestral work to be called "An Alpine Symphony." The development of the motives parallels the journeys of an Alpine climber, who hies to the mountains to be away from the cares of the world.

Musical description is to be given of the characteristics of the ascent, a waterfall, a deep gorge and a mountain thunder storm. At the summit the climber raises his voice in praise of the splendors of Alpine scenery.

The descent is occupied with the struggle in the wanderer's heart between the feeling of Nature above and the higher feeling for the divine, each feeling being represented by its own melody.

Finally the melody of faith dominates the other, and the symphony concludes with a hymn praise to God.

Altered His Plans.

"Papa is going to give me an automobile for my birthday," said the fair young thing.

"Is he?" said the caller, surprised.

"I was thinking of that myself, but now I shall bring you a box of sweets."

Same Girl.

"Dad, I want to marry Tottit Twinkletoes. I hope you won't blame me for wanting to marry a chorus girl."

"Not at all, my boy, I wanted to marry her myself when I was about your age."

WOMEN ALIKE HERE

In the Long-Distance Telephone Booth They Get Flighly and Squander the Time.

The reason he wouldn't call up the Connecticut town that night to learn how Aunt Lucinda was, the man said, was because Bill's wife was pretty sure to come to the telephone, and he couldn't stand it to talk to Bill's wife. Wait till morning and he would call Bill up at the office and find out. "What is the matter with Bill's wife," asked Aunt Lucinda's New York niece.

"She's a fool," said the man, "especially over the long-distance telephone. I telephoned up there once. Bill's wife answered. Cost me four dollars for the three-minute conversation, and the only thing I could get out of Bill's wife was: 'Hello, hello. Who is this, please?'"

"At the very last second she understood and said: 'Oh, it is you, is it? I call that pretty expensive identification. But I will say this for Bill's wife. She told me something other women. The most levelheaded of them get flighly when suddenly confronted with a long-distance telephone message.'"

The woman's defense of her sex was cut short by a call to the telephone. She stepped into the hall and closed the door.

"Hello," she said. "Hello. Who is this, please? What's that? Yes, that is the right number. Who are you, please? What's that? I can't make it out."

Seconds ticked away and still she reiterated: "Hello, hello. Who are you, please?" Finally, in desperation the man took the receiver from her hand. He talked for five or ten seconds and then said: "Good-by."

"That was Bill," he said. "He wanted to tell me something about Aunt Lucinda, but time was up and he didn't get a chance."

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Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. I had consulted several doctors who treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can now recommend it for all female troubles." Mrs. L. A. COCHRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Handfuls of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, or other ailments, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will regulate the system and restore health.

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PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

READERS of this paper desiring to obtain copies of the various advertisements should send their names and addresses to the publishers of this paper.

AMERICANS ARE HELD AS PEONS BY RICH CHINESE.

Owner of Fishing Settlement in Wild Section Under Arrest.

With one wealthy Chinese under arrest and bringing nine white helpers from New Orleans as witnesses, government agents have returned from the Barataria Bar section, where they went to investigate charges of peonage which is said to exist by whole sale in the fishing settlements near the Gulf of Mexico.

Relating tales that rival fiction the nine helpers, who represent several nationalities, told how they were held in bondage by Chinese owners of fishing settlements. Two of them related how they failed to escape and after having succeeded in securing them selves on a steamboat bound for New Orleans were discovered by the captain and despite their pleas were returned to the fishing settlements.

The Chinese under arrest is J. Jung Lee. The white men who are held as witnesses said that they were shipped out of New Orleans from a house in Charles street. Barataria Bar section was the headquarters of the Ladites, the noted prays of Louisiana history. Since the days of Ladites the country has remained wild.

In this inaccessible locality, with little chance of rescue, the men say scores of other persons, many of them American citizens, are similarly imprisoned. These men have been forced to work 20 hours without rest in a diet of rice and water. Nearly all forms of punishment as well as threats of death are common.

It developed that Lee is the chief peonholder in a big store in the New Orleans Chinatown, and probably has property worth \$100,000. He has a house of another fortune at Barataria Bar, although all his property there was destroyed in the great storm several years ago.

She Flew. Miss Phillips of a poetical turn—Which are you of opinion one should not profess "summer dress" or "summer dress?"

Absent-minded Professor (reared on chronology). The two species, my dear young lady, are entirely distinct. Now the common house fly—(Then he wondered why she suddenly opened a conversation with the young man on her right)—Sphere.

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THRONGS COME TO SEE MUNYON

Surprising Number of Visitors Shows Interest in Expert.

Local Folk Testify: Stomach Trouble Conquered and Rheumatism Pangs Overcome.

One of the most remarkable features about Prof. J. M. Munyon is the extraordinary amount of attention he has attracted. Here and all over the country, the immense crowds that have been flocking to see him, and the large quantity of mail he receives daily at his headquarters, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. He receives mail and visitors from every city in the United States and Canada. Most notable is the fact that rich and poor come to him alike, and a few hours spent at the side of the physician is a most interesting study in human nature.

Many remarkable cases of relief secured were related at the store this week.

One was that of a man who had suffered from indigestion and stomach trouble for more than ten years. He said:

"I think I had one of the worst cases of stomach trouble on record. I could not digest anything I ate. Food fermented in my stomach and formed gas, which passed out in the abdomen and under my heart, and at times made me suffer so badly I expected to die. I had intense headaches and frequent attacks of dizziness, and I grew short of breath when I attempted to walk up stairs. I was also much constipated. I came here a short while ago and took Munyon's full course of stomach treatment. Now I must admit I feel like a new man. I can eat anything I want with no distress at all, and all of the other symptoms of my trouble have disappeared. I am particularly glad that my head is much clearer and my brain works better. I am full of ambition and energy and enjoy life hugely. I can never tell how glad I am that I had the good sense to try this Munyon treatment."

Another enthusiastic visitor was a woman who declared that her mother had been relieved of rheumatism in a most remarkable manner. She said:

"My mother was flat on her back in bed with rheumatism, sciatic, muscular and inflammatory. Doctors had pronounced her case almost incurable and we had about given up hope of her ever being able to walk again. I procured a treatment for her from one of these Munyon doctors, and today she is able to go about the house with perfect ease and can go out of doors, and in fact, do anything that a woman of her age might be expected to do. The rheumatic pains and inflammation have entirely disappeared. I think this Munyon treatment is a positive wonder-worker."

Letters addressed to Prof. J. M. Munyon Personally, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., or callers who apply at that address, will receive free medical advice. There is not a penny to pay for the fullest and most painstaking medical examination. You are made to feel, whether by personal interview, or letter, that the advice is absolutely free and you are not under any obligation to follow it.

San Francisco, Sept. 8.—The department of employment of Head's Business Colleges report the placing in paying positions of 76 graduates during the past six months. This report covers schools at San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Chico, Fresno, Reno, Long Beach and Riverside. The committee wishing to meet the year's demand for bookkeepers and stenographers is desirous of getting in touch with those wishing to enter business life. For full information and handsome booklet, address nearest school.

A Figure of Speech. "What has become of that man who used to say he was a servant of the people?"

"The people had to let him go," replied Farmer Cortnessel. "He got to be one of those hired men who stand around talking when they ought to be at work."—Washington Star.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Superior. Tourist—You must get some business here, advertising "All the Comforts of Home for One Dollar."

Rural Landlord—We did until the fellow opposite opened up with "None of the Discomforts of Home for Two Dollars."—Puck.

Right. Collector—Ticket, please. Passenger—Aven't got it—lost it. Collector (making out ticket)—Six and five, please. Passenger—Hic—eleven!—London Opinion.

For the first time in many years there was a decrease in the number of patents issued by Great Britain last year.

A metal pole, if unprotected when planted in the ground, begins to corrode seriously in about ten years.

If you're plotting revenge, first get even with yourself for your own misdeeds.

There's a heap of difference between coasting for fun and hitting the toboggan.

SAN FRANCISCO ANNUAL FALL FASHION SHOW

Railroads Make One and One-Third Fare for Out of Town Visitors.

The annual Fall Fashion Show will be held by the leading merchants of San Francisco, September 14th, 15th, 16th, and will be the greatest event of its kind ever held in this country. It represents a new phase of modern business which enables active competitors to unite in some things with out in any way lessening the keen edge of competition. Thus the most important stores dealing in ready to wear apparel for women, men and children, have agreed to hold their annual Fall openings simultaneously for the three days. Prizes will be offered for the best dressed show window, etc., and every effort made to outdo each other at this time. The newest goods from the markets of the world will be on display. Suits, coats, dresses, gowns, millinery and garments of every description will be ready for inspection. The big shops who send their buyers to Paris have made special efforts to have the Fall models ready at this time, as well as the finest goods produced in the ateliers of New York. The whole retail district of San Francisco will be en fete with window displays, merchandise displays and probably a brilliant electric illumination of the principal thoroughfares. The Fashion Show has already taken its place among the festival events of the city and affords a wonderful opportunity to every one. Its importance has been recognized by all the railroads of the State, the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Western Pacific and Northwestern Pacific have united in making a special round trip rate of one and one-third fare for all points within a radius of two hundred miles. The railroad tickets are on sale going September 12th, 14th, 15th, and are good returning up to September 18th.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

New to the "Beat." The New Girl—Air may be in today's beat every Sunday afternoon, 10:00.

Volunteer Cooks. On a camping trip of young persons two of the girls were interested to get breakfast the first morning while the rest of the party was out to find a spring. When the survivors returned with the water they found nothing ready but the coffee, which, being in temperature retaining bottles, required no preparation.

"Where's the bacon?" asked one of the men. "Didn't it burn well enough?"

"The fire's all right," said the would-be cook, "but we don't know how you expect us to be bacon without any fat."—Lippincott Magazine.

Depe's Best Compliment. Senator Depe, at a dinner in his home in New York, said of his notable oratorical gift:

"I have received many compliments on my skill at after-dinner speaking, but the naivest compliment of all came from an up-State farmer."

"Senator," said he, "you might have typhoid and recover, you might have pneumonia and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover, but if you ever get backjaw you'd burst!"—Philadelphia Record.

Modern Childhood. "I guess the good old days are gone."

"How now?"

"I asked my little niece if she knew what Cinderella was. She said Cinderella was a character in a musical comedy, but that it wasn't fit for old people to see."—Pittsburgh Post.

Delayed the Meal. "What makes a dinner so late today?" asks the guest of the little son of the landlady of the summer boarding house, which serves noon but home-grown vegetables and fruits.

"Ma lost the can opener," is the explanation.—Judge's Library.

Indications. "You think our new farce will be a hit?" asked the manager.

"I'm sure of it," replied the stage manager. "Every member of the company blushed at the first reading of the manuscript."

Far, Far Away. Knicker—Is she very distant to you? Bocker—As distant as a commuter's home from the station.—Harper's Bazar.

What Appealed to Him. She—"That was a lovely gorge up the mountain. He—"You bet! The best meal I ever had!"—Judge.

Plenty of Stability. A Western mining prospector was paying his first visit to New York.

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NINE MONTHLY CAMPAIGNS FOR HEALTH EDUCATION.

Public Health Department of Federation of Women's Clubs.

Women's clubs throughout the country are being asked from their public health headquarters in this city to study nine topics the coming season, to "talk" nine subjects month by month, and to conduct nine monthly campaigns of education during 1911-1912. The Public Health Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. S. S. Crockett, chairman, announces the following topics for use by all federated clubs and all other women's organizations desiring to co-operate:

October—Community Health: "Know Your City" campaign.
November—Social Hygiene: Education in Home and School.
December—Tuberculosis: Ventilation and Fresh Air.

January—Mouth Hygiene: Tooth Inspection Day.
February—Clean Food: How and Where to Find It.

March—School Hygiene: Medical Inspection.
April—Conservation of Vision: Prevention of Blindness.

May—Infant Mortality: "Don't Kill Your Baby."
June—Food Sanitation: Needless Summer Bangers.

The entire health machinery of the federations and thousands of local clubs will be centered on this program of study, "talk," and real work, with new plans and original ideas announced from month to month.

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"How now?"

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"Ma lost the can opener," is the explanation.—Judge's Library.

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Housework Drudgery

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures those weaknesses so peculiar to women. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head! Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures liver ills.

Lacked Experience. A story which dates back to the last Bryn Mawr horse show is being told of a very popular young woman. She is an excellent tennis player, and can paddle a canoe most gracefully, but the Bryn Mawr show was her first attendance at an exhibition of that kind.

"Are you a good judge of horse flesh?" inquired one of her friends from New York.

"Oh, my dear, I don't know. I should say not. I never tasted any," she said.

Too Full. A little girl was visiting a friend for the first time, and her father took her to her room in the evening. Nothing more extensive than the bathroom at home had been her experience.

As she waded out, tightly holding her father's hand, she was promptly up to her neck in the water.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "make me out. It's too full!"—Harpers.

His Oversight. "He asked her when he proposed if she knew how to keep house."

"That was a happy thought!" "Yes, and still he overlooked a boy!" "How was that?"

"He forgot to ask her if she knew how to keep still!"—Houston Post.

Should Hear Him Then. Wife (complainingly): You never praise me up to any one.

Hub: I don't, eh? You should hear me describe you at the intelligence office when I'm trying to hire a cook.

Boston Transcript.

Natural Inference. Blodds: He says he hasn't a friend in the world.

Stodds—What league does he umpire in?—Philadelphia Record.

Bereaved. "What's the matter, little boy?"

"Ma's gone an' drowned all the kittens!"

"Dear! dear! Now, that's too bad." "Yep, she promised—'hoo hoo!'—at I could do it."—Pathfinder.

His Limitations. "Why can't you take my case?"

"I'm a corporation lawyer, and wouldn't know how to get you out of jail. It would come to me in the first place, could never have got in there."—Life.

Forced to It. "Did you ask father if you might have me?"

"Yes, darling."

"What did he say?"

"He said he would rather see you burnt to your grave."

"Oh, pshaw! Then we'll have to take it up with mother personally."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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